

W. Utley

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THEIR ONLY UTILITY.

Good figures as PUCK ever drew,
He hates to bid farewell to you—

And yet he stoutly must maintain
That PUCK's loss is the country's gain!



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Wednesday, November 19th, 1890.—No. 715.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEKS ROLL BY, and ere long the Christmas holidays will be nearer to us than the late elections; but in spite of the festive influences of this hallowed season, the Republican papers stick to the one solitary occupation which seems to have any interest for them—discussing the causes of their recent defeat. Was it the McKinley Bill? they gravely inquire. Or was it the Force Bill? Or was it just nothing—a mere fortuitous concourse of votes for Democratic candidates?

Bless your dear souls, it was everything. It was the McKinley Bill, and the Force Bill, and the Re-apportionment Bill, and Speaker Reed, and the New Rules, and John Wanamaker, and the Blocks of Five, and Benjamin Harrison, and the crooked Pension business, and the Census, and any quantity of other things. You need not trouble yourself to hunt out any one cause of your defeat: there are causes in abundance, and there would have been many more if you had had a little more time in which to worry the people. Do not distress yourselves to decide which sort of cake gave you the stomach-ache. You have eaten all the sorts there were. Any one would have been enough. Put the stomach-ache down to all.

You began industriously amassing this vast accumulation of Democratic votes as far back as 1884. Before that, you had tried the patience of your supporters in the nomination of Hayes and the stealing for him of the presidential chair. Nor were the choice of General Garfield and the unholy squabble that followed his election in any sense good politics. Still—you were forgiven. You had your people behind you. You retained their confidence. And you abused it. In 1884 you nominated a man whom a large number of your followers could not support, for purely conscientious and unselfish reasons. We need not enter into the merits of the case. You were warned of the result. Yet you forced that candidate upon men who had been loyal to you. They defeated him.

Then you lost your temper. You wanted revenge. You were not hot in the defense of your principles; indeed you did not even care to vindicate your chosen candidate from the discredit of defeat. After spending four years in trying to annoy the Democratic President, and to obstruct all useful legislation, you nominated another man—a nobody, whose only claim to the place was that he had no bad record. By dint of shameless, avowed, open corruption you elected him. Since then you have acted as though the country belonged to you. That is the reason why you have received this little reminder that it does not.

As soon as you found yourselves in power, with a bare majority in the House of Representatives, you made a working majority of it by stealing, without even a decent trial, the seats of honestly elected Democrats. Then you denied their rights to the minority. You cynically announced that your return to ascendancy was a "permanence," and you proceeded on that assumption—as if you had really turned the American Republic into an elective monarchy. You passed pension-laws utterly indecent in their unwarranted extravagance. You threatened us—and you threaten us still—with two bills that would practically, between them, disfranchise half the country.

Then you did pass a bill the like of which could not be drawn up elsewhere, unless it were in Bedlam, than in the Fifty-first Congress. It is called the McKinley Bill; but it ought to be called "A Bill to Raise Prices and to Make Life Harder for Everybody except a Few Prosperous Manufacturers." So mad a production was this bill that it actually put a tariff tax on tin-plates—something that every man, woman and child uses—not because any tin-plates are made in this country, but because some day, some man, somewhere, might wish to think of making them! And on top of all that, to add gratuitous insult to wanton injury, you raise the price of tobacco, so that every man can have a daily reminder that you don't care how hard you make life for him. Do you think of anything calculated to irritate and enrage the citizen which you have forgotten to treat him to?

Do you wonder that you will sit in the next House with a total representation hardly more than half the size of the Democrats' clear majority? Nobody else wonders. If the Democrats, after they have been long in power, become half as arrogant, selfish and neglectful of duty as you became, they will be turned out of their places, too, if the people have to fill their seats with Farmers' Alliance candidates.

The Democrats have no one to warn them of this as you were warned between 1884 and 1888, when you got full and fair notice that your pension legislation was an outrage, and your neglect to reduce the customs tariff an imposition upon the people. You cared for neither wrong nor right. You had no thought of the people's welfare; party success—and that of the basest sort—was all that you considered. Now you will have a chance to think upon public matters as you have not thought in many years—and may it profit you. You will have what the man in the play calls a "thinking part." First you will think, and then you will think, and then, oh, then—you will think.

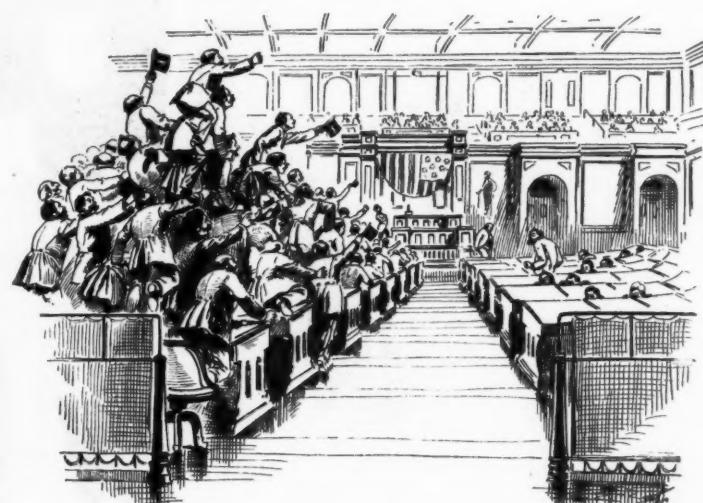
And if you don't make rabid lunatics of yourselves in the session that yet remains to you, you can sit in the Fifty-second Congress, ninety of you, and do, with benefit to your own brains and souls, at least, the duty of a wise and conservative minority, in protesting, whenever it may be needful, against the extravagance or injustice of an over-confident majority—and a fine, large, healthy, exuberant Democratic majority it is that you will have to practice on.

The sad death, last week, of Mr. James S. Goodwin deprives comic journalism of one of its brightest and most fertile sources of inspiration.

Mr. Goodwin was little known by name to the readers of the papers which owed so much of their attractiveness to his versatile wit and genius. His principal work consisted in furnishing ideas and dialogues for humorous illustration. Wherever he went, in all the walks and daily incidents of life, he saw always the amusing side, in the form of a humorous "situation." A few bold strokes of a pencil which contained a laugh in almost every stroke would transfer it to paper, and he would then add a cleverly worded dialogue to bring out the point of the sketch. Such a sketch and dialogue are termed a "comic," and from six to twenty "comics" were Mr. Goodwin's daily average during the last five or six years. These "comics" were taken by *PUCK* and other illustrated publications to be worked up into finished drawings by staff artists.

His versatility was boundless, his inventiveness was inexhaustible, and the quality of his work seemed never to diminish. As an example of his wide range, the drawings by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Griffin on pages 195 and 197 of this number of *PUCK* were due to his inspiration.

So much for the loss sustained by the readers of this paper. For those who knew him well, who admired him for his simple dignity and straightforwardness, who marveled at his unvarying good humor, who loved him for his hearty manliness and unstinted generosity, it is not so easy to speak. The void that his sudden taking off will make in the publications he has enlivened is as nothing to that which is left in the hearts of his friends.



Democratic Side.

Republican Side.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

Previous to the late election, the Republicans published, as a campaign document, a photograph entitled, "The National House of Representatives as it appeared during the recent struggle of the Democrats to prevent legislation by absenting themselves from their seats." At the request of many readers, *PUCK* publishes the above drawing from a photograph to be taken in December, 1891, showing "The National House of Representatives as it will then appear through the recent failure of Republican candidates to get elected to their seats."

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.



THE DRUMMER on the road.



THE DRUMMER'S return to the office with less than the usual number of orders.

A WHOPPER.

"Yep," said Old Man Dunlap; "I 'member jest as well when the first caravan came th'ough these parts. 'T wuz forty-three years ago, last grass. They had the first elephant ever seen hereabouts — ole Bolivar — an' I tell ye he was a buster! After they had got th'ough their performin', ole Bolivar got loose an' went rampagin' round the neighborhood, an' finally brought up down back o' Si Pettengill's haystack. Si'd never seen an elephant, an', next mornin', when he turned the corner of his stack an' run smack up in front of ole Bolivar, I tell ye it sp'ried him some! He jest stopped, throwed up both hands an' hollered: 'Gosh all hemlock! What a toad!' an' put fer the house."

COULD N'T BE BLOWN OFF.

"I stood right on the edge of that precipice in a cyclone, sir."

"It's a great wonder you were not blown off."

"Ah, sir! there's where my principles saved me. I am a Prohibitionist."

A RIDDLE TO BE GIVEN UP.

"Harrison puzzles me."

"How?"

"I don't know which is his more prominent trait, his small greatness or his great smallness."

DIVERSITY.

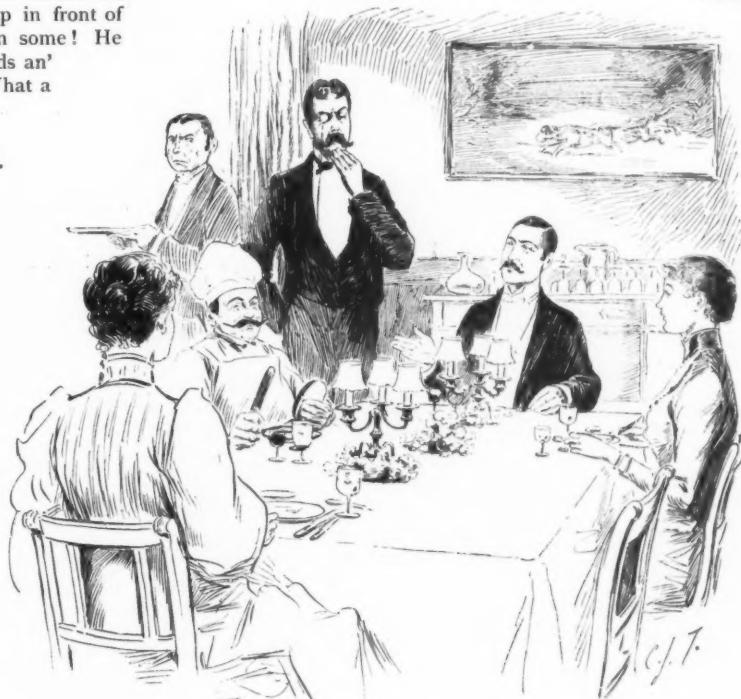
"All men don't think alike."

"Why, of course not; some 'guess,' others 'reckon,' and still others 'fancy!'"

A ROAD TO FORTUNE.

HOLLOW HANKINS (*the Tramp*).—Can't you help me a little, Boss? I hain't had nothin' to eat for three days.

MR. KNOX.—Why don't you get an engagement to fast in a dime-museum?



SOCIETY AS WE WILL FIND IT.

RHINEWINELANDER.—Ah, thanks awfully, Bertie, for coming so informally and at such short notice. I want you to meet M. Tarteauxpommes — Her Majesty's chef, McAllister's friend, don't you know, who's stopping with me for a few weeks — and put him up at your club, old man.

NO FOREIGN INTERFERENCE WANTED.

"It's a shame, Mrs. Moriarty, for your husband to beat ye so."

"Well, it may be a shame, Mrs. McCarthy, but it's none of yer business."

SOMETHING LIKE LEATHER.

STUDENT (*from Pontefract, alias Pomfret*).—I say, Professor, whatever did they make soldiers' shoes in Caesar's time?

PROFESSOR.—Of leather, I presume. Was there anything more suitable in those days, do you think?

STUDENT.—No; but not the kind we use, you know. 'Ow do you think the h'ides of March would 'ave answered?

HIS CREED.

"What church do you go to, Fred?"

"Dr. Praifull's."

"Yes; but what denomination is it?"

"Er — I believe it is called the 'Steenth Street Tabernacle.'"

SHE DID, ANY HOW.

LITTLE ALICE (*looking over a book of religious pictures*).—Papa, what are "Primitive Christians?"

PAPA.—Why, they were the first Christians, the early Christians, the old ones, don't you know. Your mother can tell you better than I can.

ALICE.—Then we're not (*regretfully*) Primitive Christians, are we?

PAPA.—N — no, no, of course not.

ALICE (*brightening*).—But we get there just the same, don't we, Papa?

THE CUP to the lip does n't cause so many slips as the glass does.

A NIGHT-SCHOOL FOR POLITICAL REFORMERS.



FEW EVENINGS AGO I paid a visit to the night-school recently opened in Cooper Union for the purpose of giving instruction in Practical Politics and the Art of Campaign Management. The necessity of this novel temple of learning was clearly proven during the last campaign.

On my arrival at Cooper Union I was surprised to see standing in front of the building a dog-catcher's cart, covered with a huge net, and containing about a dozen young men in fashionable attire and bob-tailed overcoats of a light hue. The cart was in charge of two truant officers, who had been sent out to gather in the leaders of the P. M. L., who had not only refused to attend the night-school but had also had the audacity to ask for positions as instructors in it. The young men were placed in the kindergarten, where elementary lessons in political management were administered to them by means of toys. I found about a dozen of them completely puzzled by a dissected map of New York city divided into assembly districts. Not one of them could put this intricate toy together properly; and they were about to give it up in despair when Barney Tooley, who has been born and brought up in "de ate" and is employed in the Hall as a porter, showed them how to do it, explaining, at the same time, that an assemblyman is elected from each of these districts.

In the class of anatomy, the chair of which is ably filled by that distinguished scholar, Prof. Pat Divver, I found a dozen or more Harvard graduates listening with deep interest and astonishment while the lecturer demonstrated, with the aid of chart and manikin, that a workingman is constructed on precisely the same plan as a collegian, and that the latter can shake hands with his humbler brother without suffering material damage. According to the lecturer, the workingman is composed of the same flesh and blood as the college-bred graduate, and has just the same number of bones. "And he generally gets a couple more 'bones' on election day," added the professor; but I think this remark was lost on his auditors.

In the class-room devoted to astronomy I found Professor Tim Campbell giving instructive object lessons on the relative size of the planets.

"For instance," said the Professor, addressing a class of young men who still wore the conspicuous badges which had marked them as watchers at the polls the day before, "if you stand at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, the Union League Club looks as big as all out doors, while Cherry Hill seems a mere speck on the political firmament. But by means of this telescope we see that Cherry Hill is really two hundred times as large as the Union League Club, and it has been discovered also that on election day it revolves round the polls with wonderful velocity, while the Union League Club remains a stationary object. Although this fact has been practically demonstrated every November for many years past, it breaks upon the minds of most modern reformers in the light of a startling revelation."

I found the class in ancient history busy with the October file of the *Tribune*, which was filled with predictions of a sweeping Republican victory throughout the country, and accounts of the "tidal wave of enthusiasm" which greeted Speaker Reed during his stumping tour through Pennsylvania and Ohio. I was told that after a careful digest of the *Tribune* archives the class will take up, in chronological order, the career of

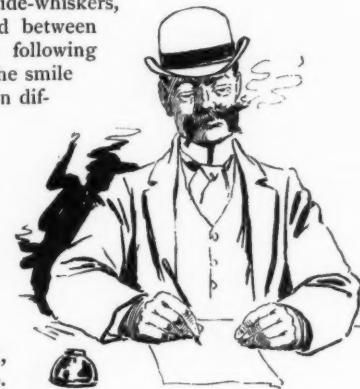
Alexander the Great, the fall of the Roman Empire, and the political services of Hannibal Hamlin.

I was vastly entertained and instructed by a discourse on "Political Geniality," delivered by Coroner Messemer. It is a curious fact, by the way, that coroners, despite their gruesome calling, are the most genial of people. Coroner Messemer showed how a political campaign may be brought to a successful issue by means of an international name and a pair of long side-whiskers, with a smile of geniality sandwiched between them. The Coroner displayed the following posters, each adorned with a cut of the smile and whiskers, and designed for use in different parts of the city.

For Coroner,
MICHAEL J. B. MESSEMER,
The Dynamiters' Delight.

For Coroner,
M. J. BAPTISTE MESSEMER,
The Friend of the Frenchman.

For Coroner,
MACCARONI J. B. MESSEMER,
He sits lightly on the Dead Dago.



For Coroner,
MONTGOMERY JACQUEMINOT BLEACHED MESSEMER,
The only member of his profession who handles his subjects with kid-gloves.

On stormy nights the wind blows through the coronial whiskers; but nothing else does.

Every Saturday night a class in travel and exploration journeys over to the East Side under the direction of Professor Thomas J. Creamer, who instructs them in regard to the manners and habits of the natives, showing the method usually employed by candidates in approaching them on a mission of peace. The fact that each "Mike," "Pat" and "Barney" has a vote, and is likely to cast it for the man who is on a footing to call him by his Christian name, is demonstrated in an interesting and forcible manner during these excursions. I was told that Professor Creamer has resigned the Geographical Chair of the Institute, because of the injury done to his political prospects by appearing east of Second Avenue in company with his pupils. He has been engaged to lecture on Political Incompetency, with Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall as an awful example.

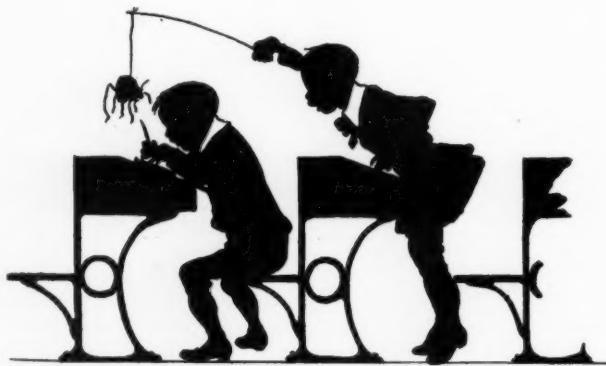
During my visit a prize was given to one of the most promising pupils for knowing what district he lived in.

At the close of my tour of inspection I was conducted to a huge fire-proof room in the upper story of the hall, where the most difficult lesson of the whole curriculum is taught. As we drew near, I heard the solemn murmur of many voices echoing from the vaulted ceiling, and on entering beheld a score or more of young reformers engaged in committing to memory the lesson of the late campaign.

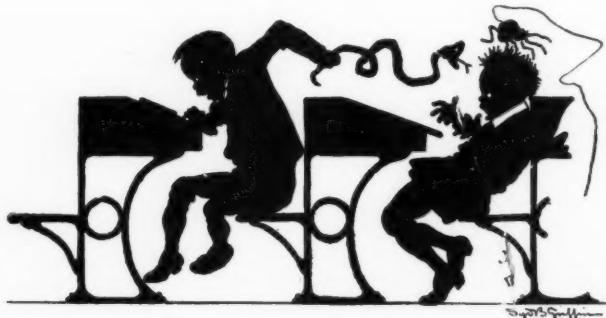
Wholly absorbed in their task, their bodies rocking to and fro, and their brows corrugated with thought, they repeated in unison the words: "We are not The People! We are not The People! We are not The People!"

Professor Hugh J. Grant has charge of this class.

J. L. Ford.



ONE



TWO!

THE "SMART ALECK."

THE SMART ALECK is a sublimated product of modern civilization, the precipitated vapors of fermented progress. He is omnipresent and irrepressible, protean in manifestation, and sublime in self-assertion, as sensitive as a soft crab, and pervasive as a ring-worm or a bad joke. He knows exactly how he could have won the Battle of Gettysburg, and how Napoleon could have granulated and pulverized Wellington at Waterloo. Nothing can make you short-winded quicker than the Smart Aleck's contempt for the consensus of enlightened opinion on any given subject. He would sweeten his coffee with salt, if he did n't have to drink it himself.

The Smart Aleck is very proud of his knowledge of all the arts of making a fortune, especially when his own life has been spent in a varied and picturesque familiarity with a lack of money. His faith in his own omniscience is something sublime, and equaled only by the lordly condescension with which he is always willing to dispense wisdom and information. He showers his knowledge about him as a tender-hearted philanthropist scatters pennies on a street crowded with beggars. He will complain of the prevailing plethora of money, while carrying a brick-bat in his coat-tail pocket in order to make his coat-tails hang right in doing duty as a screen for a disabled pair of trousers. He will declaim against a proposed inflation of the currency, while his last week's wash is still quarantined at a Chinese laundry. He is generally of the opinion that our climatic conditions would have been much better if the earth revolved around the sun on a triangular, or rectangular, instead of the present crude and botched arrangement.

The Smart Aleck is, altogether, a fearful and wonderful affair, and promises to be with us a long, long time.

J. A. Macon.

FAIR PLAY.

JUDGE BRIDLEGOOSE.—You told me just now that Simpson struck Jones, and now you swear that Jones struck Simpson. How is this?

WITNESS.—Your Honor, as there are two sides to a question, is it not fair to allow as many to an answer?

A SATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.

EDITOR.—You offered yourself to my daughter last night, you say.

SQUIBB.—Yes, sir.

"Did you compose yourself for that occasion?"

"I did; yes, sir."

"You are sure, you had n't been the rounds, and declined with thanks several times?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"My daughter found you available, did she?"

"She accepted me; yes sir."

"Well, a professional humorist is a funny man for my daughter to marry, and you have my blessing. Check will follow soon."

MR. B. OF BOSTON.

"Is Beaconstreet a good talker?"

"Not very; but he is a very animated thinker."

IN A HURRY.

FOREIGN AGITATOR.—My friend, how many hours a day do you work?

AMERICAN MECHANIC.—Oh, sometimes six, sometimes eight, sometimes ten, twelve, or fourteen—depends on how much I can get to do.

FOREIGN AGITATOR.—Slave! Slave! You are only a slave. My mission to this country is to form an organization to—

AMERICAN MECHANIC.—I can't stop to talk now. I must get around with my deposit before the bank closes.

THAT GOOD OLD HYMN.

"What is that tune the choir is treating so abominably? Do you recognize it?"

"Yes; its name is 'Dennis.'"

"THOSE READY-MADE clothes of yours seem to bristle with indignation."

"Yes; they are eager for the fray."



A GHASTLY PUN.

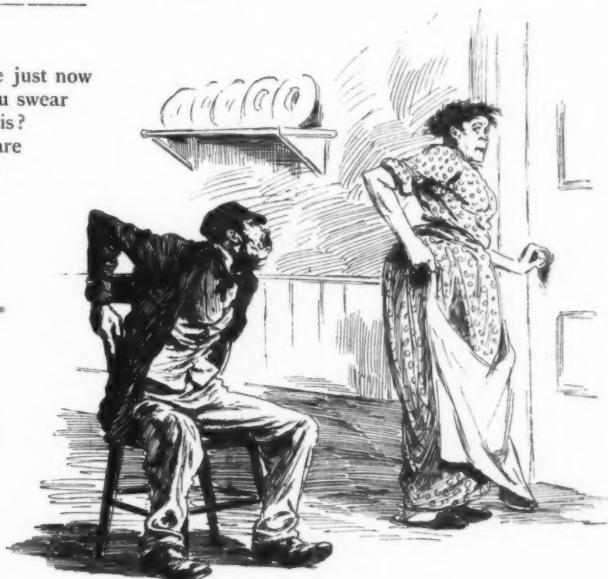
"Watch me gobble," remarked the fat Thanksgiving turkey cock, as he strutted by the small boy.

"That's all right," replied the small boy; "but wait till next Thursday, and feel me gobble."

PROFESSIONAL PRIDE AND PROFESSIONAL PREJUDICE.

BOSS CARPENTER.—They have discovered some wood-work in Egypt said to be four thousand years old.

WALKING DELEGATE.—Faith, a man who will build loike that is robbin' the workin'men av posterity!



AWED.

DOOLEY (calling to take his daughter home for Sunday).—Go an now, an' pit on yure t'ings, an' doan' be all th' avenin', or yure mother 'll t'ump th' head off yez, an' me too, be the same token.



(A half hour later, as Mary Ann comes down).—Excuse me, lady; Oi 'm waitin' fer me daughter, th' scull'ry-maid; but, av yez 'd rather hov me do it, Oi 'll wait outside. (To himself) Musha! but how thim nobs does driss!

FAIRLY CONTENT.



"I HAVE N'T no sympathy," said the tramp, as he slowly masticated a piece of fried chuck steak, "with these crank reformers and labor agitators. I picked up the mornin' paper a little while ago, down back o' the depot, and the first thing I read was a speech against Monop'lies by a Knight of Labor. It made me tired. A Knight of Labor that'd like to kill the feller that takes his job when he quits work, kickin' against Monop'lies! Looks's if he did n't know what the word meant. I guess he don't."

"We're all monop'lists as far as possible."

"The president of the Western Union Telegraph Co. and the man fishin' off a dock pile are both monop'lists, and either of 'em'll fight if anybody else tries to get a line in where his is."

"I'm a monop'list. I've got a grindin' monop'ly o' this steak, and I propose to keep it if my grinders hold out."

"A monop'ly's all right, if we're in it."

"This feller was rантin' about the conflict between Capital and Labor. They ain't any. The conflict he's takin' part in is between brain and jaw. If political economy was chuck steak, jaw'd master it; but it ain't."

"Rich growin' richer an' the poor growin' poorer!" That ain't so. I b'long to the latter class, an' I'd oughter know. I ain't growin' any poorer. 'Thousands of men out o' work in New York to-day,' this feller said. Well, let 'em leave New York to-day. Let 'em get spread out around the country to-day. There's work enough to-day for all. I don't have any trouble findin' all I want. I run onto it when I least expect it."

"This agitator went on to blow about the gover'ment."

"What's the matter with the gover'ment?"

"Does he want free trade and pauper labor in this country? It'll be a dark day when paupers have to labor here. Does this feller want the law repealed that turns pauper immigrants right about face and makes 'em skip o'er the bright blue sea, back to their own, their native land? Does he want 'em to disembark and come right into competition with us?"

"Does he want our pension laws changed, and establish a congested treasury, while able-bodied soldiers who are not too proud to beg have to get along like common folks?"



"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

AMERICAN WIFE.—What is the matter, Eugene?

FRENCH PROFESSOR (returning from lesson).—Sacré! Zis vas tairrible! Zat stupid Yankee pupeel of mine will drive me crazy wiz hees execrable accent!



A NECESSARY ADJUNCT.

STRAWBER.—I want to get a ticket to San Francisco, with a stop-over at St. Louis.

TICKET AGENT.—Don't you want a ticket for the other fellow, too?

STRAWBER.—What other fellow?

TICKET AGENT.—Your guardian. Any man who wants a stop over at St. Louis must have a guardian.

"Does he want to tax land to the exclusion of everything else? I say, reduce the taxes on land, and increase the taxes on dogs."

"This feller seems to have a glimmer o' sense on the dog question, though, for he did yell out in one place: 'Down with the dogs of police!' I can't s'fficiently express my approbation o' that sentiment, only it don't go far enough. Down with the dogs of farmers! Down with all dogs!"

"But I shall journey on peaceably, in the confident belief that the gover'ment will some day take up this dog question, and settle it in the interests of humanity at large—the portion of humanity to which I am proud to belong."

Morris Waite.

BONDAGE.

"Scumble, the painter, says he is wedded to his Art."

"Can't she get a divorce?"

LEGAL MEMORIES.

JUDGE.—Well, Witness, why do you hesitate?

WITNESS.—Plaze, yure Honor, Oi was thrying to remember that Oi did n't remember anything about this business.

WARD'S CORNER ON HUMOR.

CURTIS.—I understand that Ward McAllister's book scintillates with humor.

BALDWIN.—Well, he might easily be our leading humorist. He has the advantage of all the other funny men.

CURTIS.—How?

BALDWIN.—Why, of course, he knows more about himself than they do.



A WEATHER SIGNAL.

NEAR-SIGHTED PEDESTRIAN (looking down Broadway).—There must be a storm coming. I see the dust blowing up.

GAMIN.—Dat ain't de dust blowin' up, Mister; dat's de subway.

THE MAN who growls about his wife's cooking at home, will cheerfully eat anything on the safe side of poison when he is camping out.

IT IS NATURAL that there should be fewer women writers than men. Most ladies would prefer to appear in silk rather than print.

JAVA MUST be a moral place to live in; we never see it advertised except as "pure Java."

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.



RAY SKIES, whose fringes, torn against the wind,
Let down strange shifting gleams of sunset light,
Brown smoke from sedge-fires, circling crows
in flight,

A tingling scent of frost along the air—
And, lost in haze, the city, far behind:
While we with shot-pouch, bag and gun and dog,
Equipped in togs that knowing sportsmen wear,
Vainly the gameless landscape range—and
swear—

Marsh, thicket, meadow, streamlet, field and bog,
Firing at nothing, just for spite and shame,
Till wretched, hungry, wet, tired out, and mad,
With empty pocket-flask, and bag the same,
We limp back cityward, the way we came,
To tell our friends what glorious sport we had.

Madeline S. Bridges.

THE MCKINLEY PRINCIPLE.

Up,
Up,
Up,
Up,
Its tendency is
'T is plain as A B C;
And that's the reason, doncherknow,
It won't go
Down
With
Me.
Charles Le Furst.

TO WARD McALLISTER.

Said Ward: "In truth the secret's mine
Of choosing sauces, how to dine,
Of selling maids, and buying wine."

I've read your book, Sir Pimpernel,
Your secret, ah! you kept it well.

F. J. Gregg.

A GREAT NEED.

AGENT.—I want to sell
you a pair of my patent
shoe strings. They tie
themselves.

CITIZEN.—They won't
do. I want to get a
pair that will untie them-
selves.

ITS MISSION.

BRIGGS.—That exercising machine is really
quite an ornament to your
room.

GRIGGS.—Yes; that is
what I got it for.



MRS. DROOGAN (to MRS. CAVANAGH).—Ye
should have heard the flatterin' way Mrs. Clancy
was spakin' about Pat Carney this mornin';
sure I think she's losin' her sineses about him!



MRS. McCOOL (to MRS. McGURK).—Musha,
if wan half av the reports be threue about Widdy
Clancy an' Pat Carney, Oi'd not be surprised
fer to see them runnin' off together anny day!



MRS. McGURK.—It's sorry I am to be
bringin' throuble to ye, Mrs. Carney; but 't
is me jooty to let ye know that the neighbors
do be sayin' that yer husban' is fer runnin'
off wid the Widdy Clancy bechune this an'
ter-morrow mornin'.

CUTTING THE SERVICE.

PRESBYTERIAN MAIDEN (who admires the Episcopal ritual).—
You don't know how much I envy you that beautiful service of yours,
Mr. Kewret.

YOUNG ASSISTANT (who prides himself upon his skill at tennis).—
Oh, well, you know, it's only a good bit of speed, with
a little effective cutting now and then.

A HOMEOPATHIC DOSE OF THE "PILL."

ROSNOSKY.—Margk oop dem ninedy-nine
cent imbolded bandaloons to vun dollar,
Shakey, or else der gosdomers'll be saying
dey ain't all vool. Ve hef ter keeb along
mid der dimes, und dey'll be exbegding a
leedle daste off der new McGinley pill, shoost
ter see vot it's ligke.

PREPARING FOR AN EMERGENCY.

MRS. BINGO.—My dear, why did you get
two brushes for this bottle of mucilage?

MR. BINGO.—I got
one to dip in the ink-
well.

A GENERAL RISE.

THE CZAR (recovering his wind).—
Whew! That was a terrible explosion! Have
you any idea where we are?

LIEUTENANT JOE-
CANNONOFF.—Sire, we
passed the moon sev-
eral days ago. If we travel at this rate much
longer we will run into McKinley's prices, as sure
as fate.

A GOOD REMEDY.

"Phew!" said Mr. Stingy, as he and Barrows
entered the restaurant. "If there is anything I
hate it's the smell of stale beer."

"Me too," returned Barrows. "Call
the waiter and let's smell a little
fresh beer."

TEMPORIZING.

VIOLET.—Time flies.
DAISY.—Well, let it fly.
My age is going to stay at
twenty.

THE BEST REASON IN
THE WORLD.

"Why do you ask one
thousand dollars for that
house?"

"Because I want six hundred dollars."

UNLIKE A HORSE, a man
may be driven to drink,
but not to water.



MRS. CARNY.—Ve'll run off wid Widdy
Clancy, will ye? Thin' is in an ambylance
ye'll go; an' it's little front-hair she'll take
wid her, fer Oi'm off t' visit her, whin Oi'm
through wid you!



CONSIDERATE.

BESSIE BUMMER.—There's no
reason why both of us should
get wet, Mr. Buckhorn.



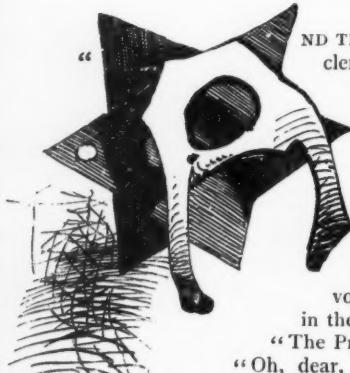
"NAPOLEON'S" RE

UCK.



N'S" RETREAT.

THE MAN WHO STRAIGHTENS THE LINES.



"ND THIS," said the influential stockholder, "is the clerks' room of the X. B. Q. & R.?"

"That's it," said the General Manager, who was showing him around. "This is the auditor's room; this is the Ninth-Vice-President; across the hall is the—"

"Who is that in there?" asked the heavy stockholder, pointing to a tall, lank man, with bushy eyebrows, up to his ears in maps, charts, rulers and inkstands.

"That," said the Gen. Man., dropping his voice impressively, "is the most important man in the railway business."

"The President?"

"Oh, dear, no! That is the man who straightens the lines."

"Oh, the Chief Engineer?"

"Not at all, my dear sir. Permit me to illustrate. Along this hall you will see suspended a number of railway maps. Here is the B. & O., for instance. Please notice this broad line: New York to Philadelphia, thence to Baltimore, to Washington, to Chicago; with the exception of a slight downward sag at Baltimore it is a straight line from New York to Chicago. Now we pass to the P. R. R. map. New York to Philadelphia, to Pittsburgh, to Chicago—straight line, see? Next is the Erie—slight upward hump, you'll observe; but otherwise straight."

"And do you mean to say that he—"

"Yes, same man; only one man in the United States," said the Gen. Man., in a hushed whisper. "Railroads must have him; only man who can straighten the lines scientifically."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the heavy stockholder. "That accounts for a great many things I never understood before. Only last Summer I saw a railway map in Chicago that showed a line running to San Francisco via St. Paul, Bismarck, Helena and Portland that was shorter than the Union and Central Pacific systems. Do you suppose he did that?"

"I have no doubt. Why, sir, you give that man plenty of time and paper, and don't bother him, and he could draw a short line from New York to Galveston via Montreal."

"Did he make that air line from Atchison to San Francisco, *via* Santa Fé?"

"Yes, sir; and it was a dandy! That's the beauty of that man's work; he throws his heart right in it, and latitude and longitude are just no obstacles at all. Of course you've got to give him scope, and not ring in those confounded topographical surveys on him, and he'll make you an air line from anywhere to anywhere else."

"I wonder the steamship companies don't get him," mused the stockholder.

"Bless your soul, they have! Don't you notice how he's pulled Newfoundland 'way out to the east, and dipped it down so that the great liners make a bee line for Queenstown? But there's no scope on the ocean. What that man wants is a hack at the Missouri River, or the lower Mississippi, and if the steamboat lines had any enterprise they'd have him at it. I tell you he'd straighten the kinks out of them inside of thirty days."

"Well, I declare!" said the heavy stockholder; "to think that I never knew there was such a man needed in the business!"

"Did you think the lines straightened out of their own accord?" asked the Gen. Man., scornfully. "One of the heaviest items of expense, sir, but it can't be avoided. The people will not travel over lines that look like saw-teeth or a snake-fence, and a railroad must cater to the wants of the public."

Now we pass on to the office of the Head Peanutter; and just beyond is the room where the Blue Discharge Envelopes are directed."

Sidney.



AT THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

DEACON BARGOE.—Our little friend, Sissy Milliken, will now give us a recitation called "The Mighty Cataract of Niagara." Now, don't be afraid, Sissy.



HIBERNIAN, BUT CORRECT.

OFFICER MCKNABB (2:30 A. M.)—Phwere are yez goin'?

MR. CROOK (nervously).—Oh, I just got up early.

OFFICER MCKNABB.—Hould on, there! It do be too early for yez to be up early!

OVERHEARD IN 1492.

"That's it," said Columbus, as land first broke upon his vision. "That is America."

"North or South?" asked his mate.

"That I can't say until I've seen the map," returned the explorer.

TO A PASSEE FIANCÉE.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
I'll wash it down with wine. *H. C. F.*

HORSE SENSE VERSUS FASHION.

MCALLISTER.—I noticed you kept your front-blinds open all the Summer. Going out of society?

SMITH.—No; but we concluded that all the people we really cared to have think us out of town, were out of town themselves.



NO DANGER.

MAUDE.—I'm so afraid our engagement will find its way into the papers.

GAWGE.—Never mind, darling; if it does, our names will be so misspelled that no one will be any the wiser.

SPEAKER REED can now vary his arithmetical exercises, from counting quorums to counting the cost.

WE COMMEND to the people of Russia the American plan of blowing up a Czar.

"DID YOU ever hear of such a thing? Begumb says, in his new house he's going to have his attic in the cellar."

"Oh, that story won't go down."

Sissy.—Boo-hoo-o-o-hoo-hoo!
THE DEACON.—I think I was wrong in calling it a recitation, brethren. I should have said "imitation."



V.

The Great West, as Illustrated by the Railroad Sandwich.

"THE WEST is a great country," said the Topeka passenger, turning away from the window through which he had been admiring a ripening field of wheat in the valley of the Kaw. "When I go East, everything seems to

me little and cramped, and I feel as if my lungs wanted more elbow-room, I don't feel as if I had room to flop till I get back to Kansas.

"When we lay off a town site out here it's as broad as our ideas, and twice as long as it's broad. Nothing skimpy about it—wide avenues

and a plenty of breathing space. We don't lay off a town site as if we intended it for a burial lot for a small family, nor crowd ourselves so that we can't sit on our front steps without putting our feet out in the street and having to pull 'em in every fifteen minutes to keep the street cars from running over 'em. No, sir; we're not so durned stingy as that about a few feet of real-estate; not us.

"If you'll allow me, I'll illustrate the difference between Western and Eastern ideas by a few specimens of the simple railroad sandwich, which I have accumulated along the way for this purpose. I will begin with the Philadelphia Sandwich."

He opened his gripsack and took up a specimen, which I will denominate as *Exhibit A.*

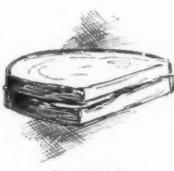
"This," continued the Topeka passenger, "is a full-sized Philadelphia Sandwich, supposed to be of the crop of '79. You will notice that the ham was cut by a machine originally intended to split writing paper. Out of that respect we all owe to age, we will say nothing about the butter. This brand of sandwich is common on the railroad restaurant counters of the Atlantic states, and is perfectly harmless unless taken into the human system. Now we'll see the Cincinnati Sandwich."

The gripsack gave up another specimen. (See *Exhibit B.*)

"Here we have evidence of Western progress. As we go toward sunset we find the common sandwich of commerce evolving, to use a learned term. We have here a bigger, better, younger, and in every way more respectable sandwich than its predecessor. This sandwich is common in the Ohio Valley; a person with a fairly good stomach may eat it with impunity; it is big enough



*Exhibit A.
THE PHILADELPHIA
SANDWICH.*



*Exhibit B.
THE CINCINNATI
SANDWICH.*



to appease hunger in a slight degree, but, by the side of the St. Louis Sandwich, which I will now introduce, its lustre pales."

The St. Louis Sandwich was brought out. (*Exhibit C.*)

"This is a sandwich that no city need feel ashamed of. While it may not be all in the way of a sandwich that the interior department of the hungry traveler could wish, it is evolving along toward perfection, and is capable of filling a small aching void. It is the sandwich of the Mississippi Valley, and the world was content with it until civilization made another stride toward sunset, and gave the Kansas City Sandwich to the human race. Behold this marvel of Western advancement!" (*Exhibit D.*)

"Here is a sandwich that is in keeping with our broad and progressive Western ideas; a sandwich with meat in it and honest cow butter on both halves; a sandwich that one can pay a dime for and eat without harboring bitter, misanthropic thoughts of all mankind, and wondering why we squander millions of dollars annually on the heathen in foreign lands; a sandwich that a man can carry home to his family with pride and a merry heart, and say: 'Here is all the evidence I want that there is nothing mean or little about this great and glorious West.' Yes, gentlemen, the Kansas City Sandwich fills the bill in the way of an honest, reliable, palatable and wholesome sandwich, and is well-nigh perfect in all its more important points; but if you want to see a sandwich that is the acme of sandwiches—the *ne plus ultra et ultima thule*, and all that sort of thing—just get off a moment and buy one at Topeka. It'll only cost you a dime. You can dine off it and have enough left to feed a tramp. I have n't a specimen with me; my gripsack is n't big enough to take one in."



*Exhibit C.
THE ST. LOUIS SANDWICH.*

"I get off, myself, at Topeka, gentlemen; I wish you a pleasant journey."

Scott Way.

UPS AND DOWNS.

"How is this? You have n't put up my order." "Sorry, sir; but that's because you told me to put it down!"

"POOR JONES already has one foot in the grave." "Dying by inches, I suppose?"

BRUTAL.
NOORITCH. — Yes, as Shakspere says, my library is a dukedom.

BLUNT. — And your brain a barony.

THROW PHYSIC to the dogs; but look out that the S. P. C. A. has n't got its eye on you.

THE PATRIOTIC TOURIST.

SOME FOLKS the Old World find so fair, And fancy it so grand, They see its marvels everywhere About their native land.

When they the Hudson sail by day, While all its beauties shine, They most enthusiastic say: "Behold the Yankee Rhine!"

As on Lake George they dream and drift, Enrapt at every turn, 'T is thus their voices up they lift: "America's Lake Lucerne!"

At Saranac sublimely frown The Alps their travels know, And then they breathe in Morristown The air of Monaco.

Forsooth it's not the same with me, For, from an Alpine gorge, I view Lucerne, and sing in glee: "T is Switzerland's Lake George!"

When off Sorrento, in a boat I drift, serene and gay, I fancy, in a dream, I float On great Peconic Bay.

When in the Scottish Highlands, I Upon the heather bunk, I look about and fondly sigh O'er Caledon's Maunch Chunk.

In London town, all smoke and fog, I wander happy, when I fancy that I gaily jog Around in Pittsburgh, Penn.

The Rhine is Europe's Hudson long, The Alps the Swiss Catskills; Lake Como is the Ho-pat-cong Of the Italian hills.

I see, from Dan to Jericho, From Berne to Ispahan, Wonders that imitate, I know, Our own as best they can.

And I shall cheer, until I cease To tread this earthly way, Sky high in classic Athens, Greece, Manunka Chunk, N. J.

R. K. Munkittrick.



A GENTLE VOICE.

TOMMY. — Oh, I'm so glad you've come home, Papa! Mama has been awful mean to me to-day.

MR. SKYFLATT. — Ah, I am afraid you have been a naughty boy. Did she spank you?

TOMMY. — No; but she scolded — and her voice sounded like it does when she talks at the ice-man down the dumb-waiter shaft.

THE LATEST AND BEST.

SHANDON BELLS PERFUME

DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL, LASTING AND ECONOMICAL.
Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

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ENGLISH
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EXCELSIOR
KERSEYS.

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MEASURE
AT
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"LINED
AS YOU
WILL."
Nothing Like
Them
for Wear.

Nicoll
The Tailor

Send for
Samples,
Fashion Sheet
and self-
measure rules.

AN AMERICAN FUNKEY.
"Well, James," observed the gentleman, "I hear you got a situation as a valet recently?"
"I did, sir," replied James; "but it was too blamed much for my self-respect. What do you think the boss asked me to do the very first morning? Wanted me to help him dress."—*American Grocer.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

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SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR. 989*

ONE OF THE THINGS WE ARE APT TO GRUMBLE AT IN FRANCE,

The providing of one's own soap at hotels!
Permit me to remark that this is one of those things

THEY DO MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE than we do here. I am strongly of opinion that every one when travelling should carry his or her own soap as one takes one's own hair-brush or sponge. It is much more cleanly, and there can be no better providing in this respect for the hot sun and warm winds and dust of travel than a cake of

"PEARS"

which, under such circumstances, I have found very efficient in the prevention of sunburn and allied annoyances.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY
Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Lecturer on Health and Physiology under the "Combe Trust;" Editor of "Health."

"P Insist on having Pears' Soap. Substitutes are sometimes recommended by druggists and storekeepers for the sole purpose of making more profit out of you.

ST. LOUIS has a smoking cat. Now, if it is cigarettes they will smoke, and the fashion only spreads, all may yet be forgiven.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.

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RESULT:
I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE
ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;
getting fat too, FOR Scott's
Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
Hypophosphite of Lime and
Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipi-
ent Consumption BUT BUILT
ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

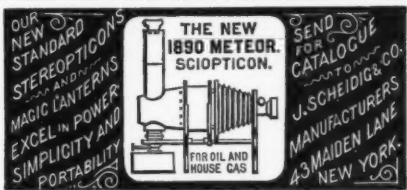
FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I
TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW.
SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS
DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.



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\$75.00 to \$250.00 a month can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 100 Main St., Richmond, Va. 855*

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THE PEDINE CO., WORLD BLDG., N. Y.

CITYCUS.—Do you go in much for shooting?
RUSTICUS.—No, siree. Nobody thinks of
gunning around here except the city chaps.—
The Week's Sport.

GARFIELD TEA FOR CONSTIPATION
AND SICK HEADACHE

SET & FREE SAMPLE FROM ANY DRUGGIST OR SEND TO 319 W. 45 ST. NEW YORK N.Y.

EDITOR OF PUCK.—

In my school we have to make up sentences. The other day our teacher told us to make a sentence with the word "Heroes" in it. And one boy raised his hand and said—"He rose from the dead." Is n't it funny? Is it worth paying for?

You're truly
Reginald Foster.

A MAN TO BE AVOIDED.

"Clara," said old Mr. Summet, "who is that fellow that is hanging around you every night lately?"

"I don't think you care to have much to do with him, Father," replied that young lady, with the air of repose which comes from perfect trust. "He is one of the rushers on a foot-ball team."—*The Week's Sport.*

HARSH PUNISHMENT.

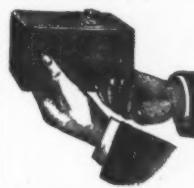
MR. SCRUBBS (*indignantly*).—Sir, I have just discovered that your son has engaged himself to two of my daughters.

MR. GRUBBS (*stupefied*).—The young rascal! He should be compelled to marry them both.—*New York Weekly.*

A CHICAGO barber shop has put in an elevator. Sort of a safety raiser, as it were.—*Exchange.*

No well regulated household should be without Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

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"You press the
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we do the rest."

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AGENTS WANTED.

We Make the Cigar. You Make the Smoke.
TIGER CUBANA

L. MILLER & SONS, 149 Chambers St., N. Y., Manufacturers. 992

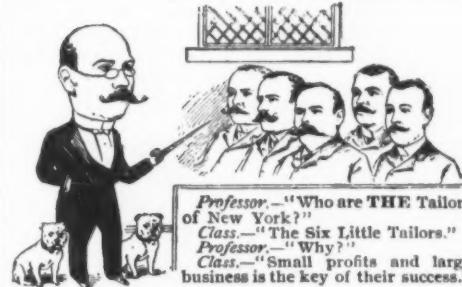
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THE BURT & PACKARD
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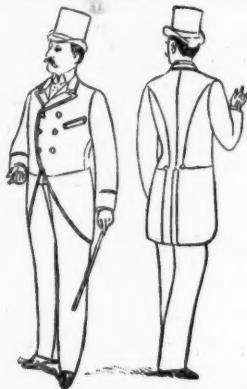
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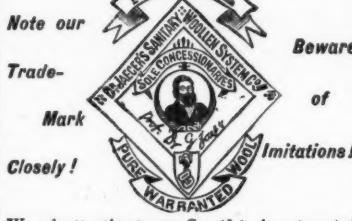


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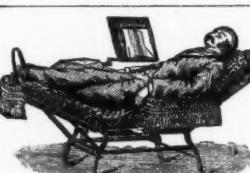
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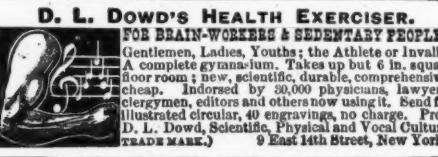
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Goldstone, can be used for ring or scarfpin.
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Tiger eye, can be used for ring or scarfpin.
Pink Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarfpin.
Green Crocidolite, can be used for ring or scarfpin.
Carnelian, can be used for ring or scarfpin.
Tree agate, can be used for ring or scarfpin.
Petrified wood, can be used for ring or scarfpin.
Bloodstone, can be used for ring or scarfpin.
Mosaic, inlaid with Agate and Ja-per a watch-charm complete.
Agate, two cut stones complete, for ladies' sleeve buttons.
Agate, two cut stones complete, for gents' sleeve buttons.
Mosaic, square pattern, sleeve button sets.
Moss agate, setting for ring or scarfpin.

16 in all,
cut and polished, and some of

this size

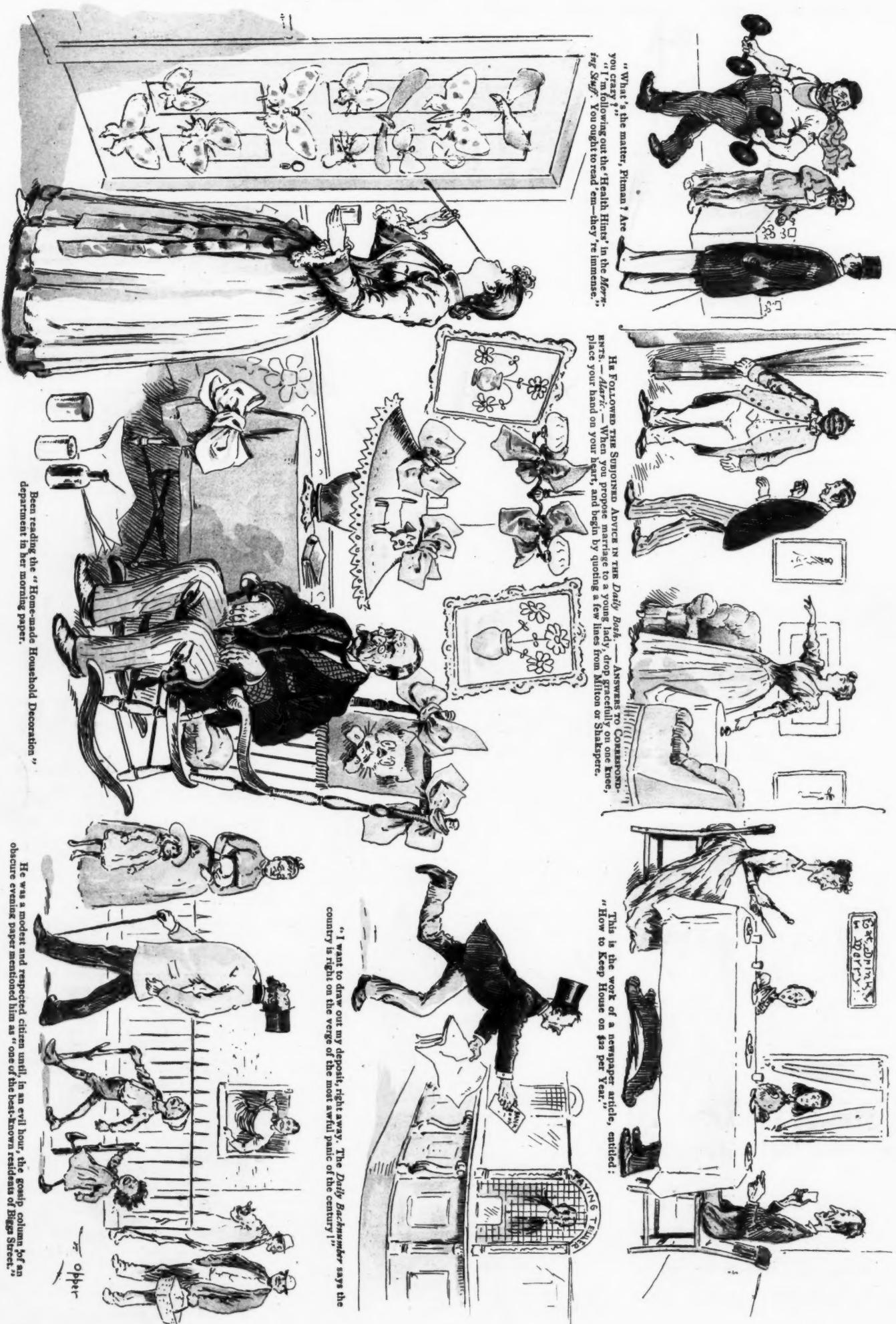
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of more desirable shapes, for
Jewelry settings.

The twelfth is a Mosaic about twice the size of cut, but oblong in shape, with a Mosaic center cut ready to be mounted for a watch charm to be set with a compass, and its value is \$1. Each additional gem is honestly worth **50 cents** in any jewelry store, but we make you a present of the whole selection if you send us \$1 this month for a year's subscription to **THE GREAT DIVIDE**, and promise to show the paper to your friends and neighbors, and ask them to subscribe. Express charges paid to your home. This offer is made for new subscribers only. Address your letters plainly, **THE GREAT DIVIDE** PUBL. CO., 1630 Larimer Street, Denver, Colorado.

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